

VOLUME XV. No. 8

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 23, 1924

**"P**AR-TIC-U-LAR." Janice pronounced the word slowly with an anxious glance at Sandy. But Sandy's grin did not fade. Spelling was his weakest point, his "heel of Achilles," but it worried Janice far more than Sandy. The term report cards would be popping up like impish Jacks-in-a-box just before Thanksgiving, for the inspection of visiting relatives. Last year cousin Hal's, a line-up of superlative red A's, had almost spoiled the annual feast day for Janice—not on her own account, but because she yearned to see Sandy shine.

"No, it isn't *per-tic-ular*," she corrected as Sandy started off with a yawn on the wrong foot. Janice long to spell it for him. And Gramma was taking it all in from her sunny corner where she was humming and knitting, hindered by a plump white kitten.

Sandy scowled, then braced himself and fairly fell upon the trickiest word in the lesson as if he were tackling a foot-ball. "P-a-r," he hesitated, "t-i-c-k—accent on the second—"

"Oh, goodness! It isn't that kind of a tick, Sandy," sighed Janice. "Here." She handed him the book. "Look at it hard till it gets into your head. You simply can't get a C on Spelling, buddy, with cousin Hal showing red A's—"

"Huh!" snorted Sandy. "I can lick Hal with one—" Here he caught Gramma's startled eyes and skidded. "I mean, we all got our line. He's too skinny to make a showing in ath-a-letics. He may be a shark in school, but he's a poor tadpole on the playground!"

But he weakened at Janice's distressed look and stuck to that "particular" word until he knew he could spell it with eyes and fingers crossed. When the evening paper hit the porch, both children raced to get it and, flat on the floor, giggled together over the funnies. A four-line verse caught Janice's eye and she read it aloud slowly. "What's this mean, Gramma? It says:

'We've blessings galore  
That add pleasure to living;  
But let's not forget  
There's a *give* in Thanksgiving.'"

## "Accent on the Second"

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON  
(A Thanksgiving Story)



Gramma explained simply. Her eyes twinkled at Sandy. "Say it over slowly with the accent on the second."

Sandy saw the point instantly. "Course! Thanks-giv-ing!" he grinned.

"Well, Gramma and mummie always did put the 'give' in Thanksgiving," Janice asserted stoutly. "Remember the fat fruit pudding we learned to help make when we were tikes, Sandy?" Janice sounded as if they were six feet high and ready to vote, instead of going on 'leven. "Mummie let us drop in raisins and citron and all the goodies and tell what we were thankful for. We always called it our thank-ful pudding, didn't we, buddy? 'Member that time you got smarty and dropped in a plum cause you were thank-ful you weren't a girl?"

Sandy nodded with a chuckle. "It's fun to be a basketeer though." Sandy's mind dwelt on the latest method of sharing the annual feast day. "Who gets the surprise this year?"

"It's daddy's turn to tag the basket this year," replied Janice. Then they hailed their mother who had just come in from a P. T. A. meeting.

"I imagine Jenny Bird will get it," responded mummie. "She is a happy little scrubwoman in daddy's office building. People sometimes call her 'Jenny Wren' because she sings at her work."

"Yes, the jolly little Bird woman gets the turkey dinner and fixins," declared

daddy when the whole family demanded information. "Children? I don't know whether she has or not. I can't tell you about her family tree, or whether it's full of little Birds. But I do know Jenny Bird deserves just the sort of surprise you basketeers are good at cooking up. No joke, either. If she can't use everything, I'll wager she'll know who can."

"Let's play like there's a boy and a girl and a baby," suggested Janice who was expert at making believe. It was nearing time to pack the surprise basket. She had remembered gleefully the box of toys an old neighbor had willed them on moving away.

"And a grandmother," said a soft voice from the pleasantest corner. "I've an extra pretty, warm housedress and

a hug-me-tight and slippers. I have a notion to slip in some Scotch short-bread, too."

That reminded Janice of gingerbread dolls to be fashioned of mummie's left-over dough, so she skipped to the kitchen which was smelling of all the good things in the world. The give-away gobbler would arrive that evening with Aunt Debby and the family turkeys. But the Thanksgiving pudding was ready, the mince pies were in the oven; and one peek in the pantry would make any wee gray mouse wag his tail for joy.

"C'mon down and see Jolly Josh," called Sandy from the basement where he had been unbelievably quiet for some time. Janice dropped her dough as if he had pressed a button. Jolly Josh Pumpkin was an annual visitor in the house, though a transient, as he always accompanied the Thanksgiving basket. At sight of Jolly Josh, Janice clapped her hands in approval.

"He's a twin to our Halloween Jacky," she declared, smiling back at the round, staring eyes, triangular nose and great, grinning mouth of the hollow-headed pumpkin. "Isn't it fun to mix up Halloween and Thanksgiving and Christmas the way we do, Sandy? Wait till I'm through with the gingerbread folks, won't you? Then we'll fix Josh Pumpkin's hair and whiskers. Wouldn't you love to see the little Birds when they pull? Every



time they'll bring out a surprise. It's as good as 'little Jack Horner' sticking in his thumbs for plums!"

"Every plump is painless for Josh, too," nodded Sandy, critically surveying the work of his hands and making an extra nick in the broad smile. "Let's stuff him in the playroom after supper, sis."

"Mother stuffs the turkey—and us—and we stuff Josh," laughed Janice, trotting up to turn out enough gingerbread dolls to supply a juvenile pastry shop.

It was a very heavy basket that was lifted into the car that snowy Thanksgiving morning, and delivered to Jenny Bird whose tiny nest was found far across town, near the railroad tracks. Janice and Sandy were out coasting with the cousins, and did not even notice when daddy and the uncles drove away. They actually forgot all about the give-away, thank-full basket for hours. Then in the most unexpected way they were reminded.

Late in the afternoon, Uncle Doc started off to make some calls at The Children's Hospital. He invited the four older children to hop into the big closed car and go with him. "Perhaps you know you're lucky," he told the chattering foursome, "but when you get back, you'll be a lot more thankful."

Janice wondered how she could be any fuller of dinner and thanks, without exploding. Sandy's report card had exceeded her wildest hopes. There was a marked improvement in Spelling. Sandy himself had tried not to strut as he handed it to Hal. To be sure, there was nothing spectacular in the color scheme—no red ink—but those black A's (two of them) looked strangely beautiful to Sandy.

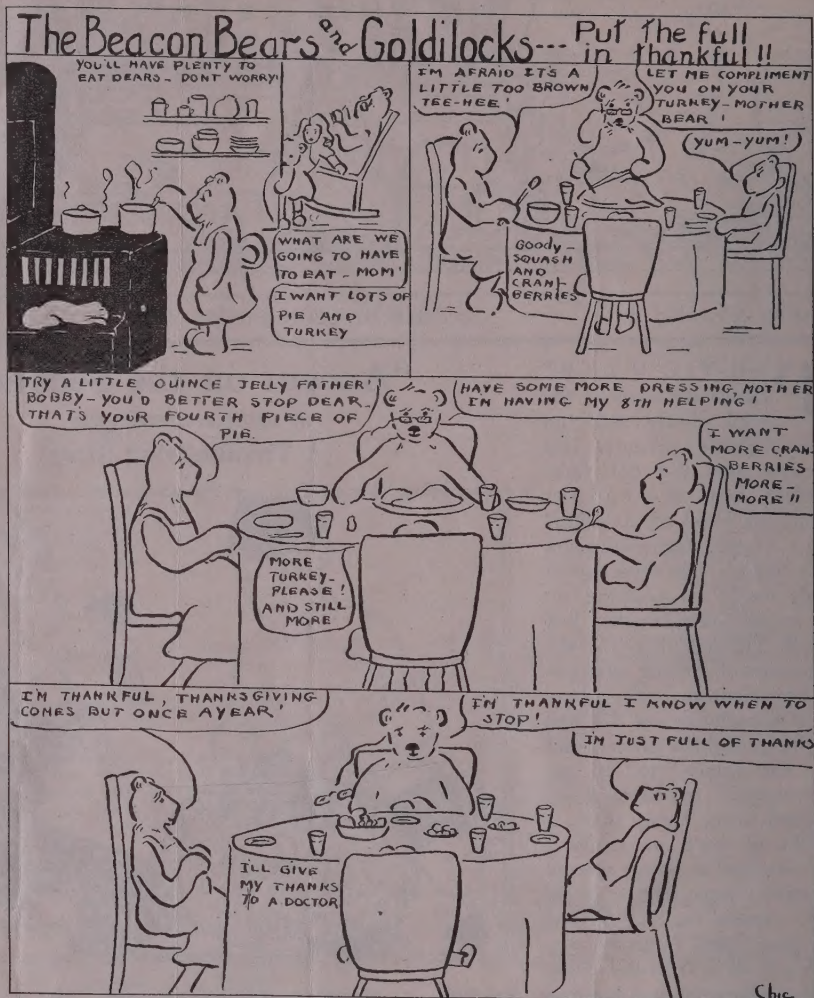
"There's a little girl I want you to see," Uncle Doc told Janice and Ruth as they piled out in front of the big gray building, about which great bare trees shivered in the cold November wind. "She's just getting over an operation, so there was nothing like turkey and pie in her menu. Broth and fruit juice only. But she'll greet us with a record smile—I'll bank on it."

"What is her name, Uncle Doc?" Ruth's voice and eyes were solemn as they walked through the wide, quiet entrance hall to the elevator. But Janice had slipped her hand into Uncle Doc's with a wistful, "Oh, dear! Why didn't we think to bring her something? Some of those yellow 'santhemums. Think of being sick in bed Thanksgiving, Sandy!"

"No father or mother, mind," Uncle Doc put in gravely as they shot upward to the third floor. "Now you boys park yourselves in Number 33 with Jerry for a few minutes. He can't play ball or coast for weeks. Leg's in a cast." He motioned the awed boys into a room at the corner, sticking his head in briefly to announce, "Callers for you, Jerry."

At the end of a long corridor, the girls found Mary Ann who greeted them with the sunniest smile and an excited, "Looky, Doctor, what I got!" Thin little hands

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## The Whistler in Tinkle Street

BY MABEL S. MERRILL

### CHAPTER II

UNDER the balcony there was a whining and plunging as a handsome collie dog tried in vain to get free of this strange thing that had caught in his thick hair.

Stacy gave one look, then rushed inside and down some back stairs which he found by guesswork. At the foot of the stairs there was a door opening into the street and next moment they were all out there, kneeling on the ground beside Tripp's big "catch."

Stacy quickly got hold of the hook that had caught the poor dog. To their relief they found that it had merely twisted itself in his thick curly hair which had got wound around the barb. The dog seemed to know they had come to help him and he stood quietly till Stacy had worked the hook out. When he was free the collie sidled away, looking at them rather reproachfully.

"I suppose you were only in fun," his look seemed to say, "but I can't see the fun of catching a well-behaved dog with a hook and line."

The small boy who had done the mischief rose to his knees on the ground and

held out his arms to the dog. "I didn't mean to, doggie," coaxed Tripp. "I was only playing catch a fish over that railing. If I had a nice dog like you to play with I wouldn't have to go making up silly games like that. Come here, old man, and tell me what your name is."

The dog came forgivingly and laid his silky head against Tripp's cheek as the little lad's arm went around his neck. They were all on the ground patting and talking to their four-footed friend when the dog suddenly broke away from them and, with a glad bark, leaped up at someone who was coming along the street. It was a tall girl older than Heather—a girl with a serious but pleasant face.

"Down, Whisk," she said to the dog, "don't you see I've got on a clean blouse? Much you care about that!" She glanced at the three youngsters and added:

"If you were a real polite dog, you'd introduce me to these new friends of yours."

Whisk ran back to those friends and stood wagging his tail while Heather told the girl all their names and where they lived.

"Why," cried the newcomer, "you're quite near neighbors, and you have to stay



alone all day, just as I do. Come and see where I live. I'm Ruby Ring."

"It sounds like jewelry," observed Tripp, taking the hand the big girl held out to him. "Come on, Whisk; I do want to see where you live."

They went up the street to where it turned around that curve into a bower of trees. At the very end, behind a tangle of rose bushes with an apple and a pear tree on either side of the door, was a little bungalow of four rooms. It was clean and new and looked very pleasant.

"Daddy built it himself in the place where an old house had been burned," explained Ruby Ring proudly. "He runs on one of the little steamers that go up to Starr Lake, and his trips come forenoons and evenings. So that leaves him his afternoons to work and he loves to build things. I'm fond of my little house, but sometimes it's lonesome. I haven't any brothers and sisters, you see, and mother died so long ago I can hardly remember her."

Heather looked up quickly at the tall girl and Ruby smiled as though she understood that these new acquaintances were all ready to be her friends. They went inside the bungalow and looked eagerly around the long front room which was the living-room and took up more than half of the tiny house. It was plainly furnished but had quite a gay appearance for all that. Heaps of bright-colored things were lying all about. The table was covered with scrap-books laid open for the paste to dry. Ruby had evidently been putting picture postcards on those bright pages. On a smaller table was a heap of doll's clothes made of pink, red and blue gingham. There were dolls too—home-made rag dolls with cleverly painted eyes, nose, and mouth, and with strands of yarn for hair. Set carefully on a shelf was something that caught Stacy's eye at once. It was a stout little cart with spools for wheels, cleverly put together and painted a vivid red.

"Daddy made that," observed Ruby, "and I wish he had time to make dozens of them. Every small boy at the Fresh Air Home will cry for that cart as soon as he sees it. I can make things for the girls better than I can for the boys."

Stacy's eyes were bright as he turned the toy around in his hands. "I could make one like this. It isn't so hard as some of the things we did in manual training school last year. Tell us, quick, what the Fresh Air Home is, Miss Ruby."

"It's a barn the summer residents at Starr Lake bought and turned into a place where poor children from the big cities can come down and have fresh air and good food in the hot weather. They can have fifty there at one time, but oh, they need everything! The Starr Lake summer colony isn't made up of very rich people, and it was about all they could do to raise money for beds and food and dishes and decent clothes. They have just the necessary things, and the children that are well

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## The Vegetables' Thanksgiving

BY JOSEPHINE L. MILES

CHARACTERS: PETER PUMPKIN.  
KITTY CORN.  
SAM SQUASH.  
ANN APPLE.  
PAT POTATO.  
CHARLEY CABBAGE.  
GRAPE SISTERS.  
CRANBERRIES.

Time: Late autumn.

Scene 1: Edge of cornfield.

*Peter Pumpkin:* Brrrrr—how frosty the nights are getting!

*Kitty Corn:* Old North Wind has blown my leaves until they crack and shake.

*Cranberries:* We dreamed of sauce all night.

*Ann Apple:* Well I for one like the frost. Look at my cheeks!

*Sam Squash:* You may feel well now, but remember, you'll be made into apple pie!

*Charley Cabbage:* Oh, Sam Squash, don't spoil what spirit the frost has left us.

(Off stage is heard the song of Harvest)

*Kitty Corn:* Oh! What's that?

*Grape Sisters:* It's singing!

*Peter Pumpkin:* It's those mean old human beings celebrating Harvest. I wish that somebody would celebrate us.

*Sam Squash:* Harvest is so mean to us. She kills us and yet the people sing her praises.

*Cranberries:* We don't like humans 'cause we don't want to be sauce, we want to be Cranberries.

*Kitty Corn:* I'd rather be Kitty Corn than corn meal.

*Peter Pumpkin:* Look at these and think of me, boiled for a pumpkin pie! (Slaps his fat sides)

*Sam Squash:* I don't want to waste myself on a baking dish.

*Ann Apple:* When I was a little apple blossom, I little thought I'd be made into apple pie!

*Charley Cabbage:* Well, what's there to do? Harvest is almost here!

*Pat Potato:* Vegetables have their rights too!

*Kitty Corn:* We're not going to sing any song to Harvest!

*All:* Let's run away!

(All tug at their roots to free themselves and slowly and clumsily move from the cornfields)

*Ann Apple* (rolling easily off): I'm glad I haven't any roots!

Scene 2: Cleared space under willow tree.

*Ann Apple* (rolling in): Oh, what a nice place to rest!

*Kitty Corn:* And there's no Thanksgiving song to bother us here.

(Other Vegetables enter)

*Peter Pumpkin:* We've come so far. Over a meadow, through a pasture and across a brook!

*Kitty Corn:* And one of the little Cranberries was drowned.

*Charley Cabbage:* Oh! Here is a tree with a hollow in it.

*Ann Apple* (peeping in): And here is a book in the hollow!

*Kitty Corn:* Bring it out, Ann Apple. Let's have a look at it.

*Sam Squash:* I never saw any good in books. Books are all about human beings, not about real folks like us.

*Ann Apple:* Why, there's pictures in it!

*Peter Pumpkin:* Bring it out, Ann Apple! (Ann Apple comes out of tree with book.

All gather around her)

*Charley Cabbage:* Which one of you can understand what these marks under the pictures mean?

*Kitty Corn:* I am sure I can't. I only have ears.

*Peter Pumpkin:* Oh, Kitty Corn! What a joke! Then maybe Pat Potato can read. He has eyes.

*Pat Potato:* Shure and Oi can, Mishter Pete.

(Pat Potato reads)

The Pilgrims' first summer in Plymouth was a hard one. They worked steadily in the fields, planting the corn, the squash, the cabbage and the golden pumpkin. Then when autumn came at last with its biting winds and chill frosts I helped them gather their crops and their hearts were full of thankfulness.

Then Priscilla, a Puritan maiden of Plymouth, suggested that they have a great thanksgiving feast and invite the Indians. Elder Brewster agreed to the plan and soon all the matrons and maids of Plymouth were busy cooking the feast.

When the Indians saw the dishes of steaming vegetables they smacked their lips and grunted joyously and the people of Plymouth gave thanks to God for the bounteous harvest and for this day of peace.

*Sam Squash:* Well somebody likes us vegetables anyway!

*Charley Cabbage:* If Thanksgiving Day was like that now I wouldn't mind being cooked.

*Kitty Corn:* Hark! What is that?

*Pat Potato:* Someone is coming!

(Indians come in and dance a harvest dance around the vegetables who are huddled together in center of stage. They sit down on either side of vegetables as Pilgrims come in, singing a song of thanks. Pilgrims stand behind Indians and finish their hymn.)

*Kitty Corn:* Why, why, who are those strange people?

*Ann Apple:* They look just like the pictures in that book!

*Peter Pumpkin:* I believe they are!

*Charley Cabbage:* By the way, Pat Potato, who wrote all those fine things about us and made the pictures come out of the book?

*Pat Potato:* Why, it says—"The Autobiography of Harvest!"

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## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### When We Give Thanks

BY THE EDITOR

**W**HAT does Thanksgiving Day mean to you? Does it stand for a family gathering, a big dinner, with a football game or a matinee in the afternoon? That was the case, with Marcia, you remember, in a story in last week's *Beacon*, and she thought, at first, that the day didn't mean anything; it was just a form, and she would be glad when it was over.

The Editor hopes the day means all these things to you, and more. For these are all good things, given us to enjoy. For some of you a service at church will be added, either on Thursday morning or the evening before. In your church school you will no doubt have a Thanksgiving service today, and sing, "Come, ye thankful people, come," and "Praise to God and thanks we bring."

But do we? The one thing needful is a thankful heart, and just singing the words and reading the responses does not of itself make us thankful. We must feel what the words are saying. To do that, we will need to think about it, and do something about it, before the day arrives.

Our stories and verse in this number of our paper are a help toward such thinking and doing. Any boy or girl knows someone to whom a surprise at Thanksgiving will be welcome. Use the suggestions in "Accent on the Second," or, better, think of new ones for yourself, and tell us about them afterward in *Beacon Club* letters. Classes in the church school may plan something to do together; so may two chums, or any group of friends. Then you will remember gratefully the one "who put the *give* in Thanksgiving."

Best of all, you will then be thankful, as never before, for your own blessings. How good your turkey will taste, if you have eaten one sacrifice-meal and sent the cost of a full dinner to the Near East Relief! Sharing what we enjoy doubles the enjoyment. What will you do to make your own heart truly thankful on Thanksgiving day?

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.

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All: Harvest!!

Harvest: Did you call me, my children?

Peter Pumpkin: We—er—we had better be going.

Cranberries: Harvest, will you hurt us?

Harvest: Why, of course not! Why do you hate me?

Charley Cabbage: Because you and the humans are mean and eat us.

Grape Sisters: You don't appreciate us the way the Pilgrims did.

Sam Squash: We would sing a thanksgiving song too if people would respect us.

Harvest: We do respect you and love you too. We could not get along without you on Thanksgiving Day.

Kitty Corn: Why, you are as thankful as the Pilgrims!

Harvest: Now you are thankful and I am thankful and we all are thankful for Thanksgiving Day!

Ann Apple: So let's all sing a thanksgiving song.

All: Yes, yes, good! A real thanksgiving song!

(Indians stand up. All move to front of stage and sing Harvest Home.)

CURTAIN.

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waved in a proud, possessive gesture toward the droll occupant of the bedside table. Janice remained near the door as if glued to the spot. Her blue eyes stared, for it must be—it surely was—Jolly Josh Pumpkin grinning so knowingly at her from the circle of Mary Ann's arm! Of course, there might possibly be another pumpkin man with black yarn hair and whiskers—but no, Mary Ann was displaying the cunning rag doll Gramma had made and Janice herself had painted the face; and she recognized the bright-colored beads Mary Ann had strung to adorn herself over the plain flannelette kimono.

"Miss Jenny Bird brought me this funny rube punkin," Mary Ann was confiding to her friend, the doctor, "and what do you 'spose? It's like Santy Claus a month early! More pretties than I ever had in my life." She extended a shy invitation to the girls to draw nearer and admire the bird and flower puzzles, the small magic slate, colored pencils and doll cut-outs. "Weeny scissors, too. Somebody gave Miss Bird the punkin along with a whole Thanksgiving dinner! Wasn't it swell of them? You see," Mary Ann continued, encouraged by her attentive visitors, "Miss Bird lived next door when Apple Annie took me to raise. I'm an orphan. Then I got ap-pen," she frowned and stammered with an appealing glance doctorward, "ap-pen-dix-saw-dust, and Annie up and left town. So Miss Bird's adopted me and it's all right. Mv. I'm lucky!"

Janice still looked like a sleep-walker as they drove homeward, all rather silent. Sandy and Hal had reported their visit with Jerry, the newsy, who had only an

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## Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner



### A Thanksgiving Recipe

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

If a body's good and thankful,  
Thankful through and through,  
Then he's apt to bubble over—  
Kindly deeds he'll do.  
Show his gratitude in giving;  
(Blessings are to share.)  
Pass the torch of cheer and courage,  
Neighbor's burdens bear.  
If a body's good and thankful,  
That's the finest way:  
Spread your many blessings broadcast  
On Thanksgiving Day.

### By Radio

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

At eight o'clock I tune right in,  
And listen all I can;  
"Good evening, everybody!" says  
The radio station man.  
Sometimes I hear a male quartet,  
Or else a woman sings;  
The story man's my favorite;  
He tells such jolly things!  
I'm keen about an orchestra!  
I'll be in one some day.  
Sometimes we pick up splendid things,  
From places far away.

A banjo and a "uke" are great;  
The bird-man whistles fine,  
But oh, such good times never last!  
And soon the clock strikes nine.

And mother's calling, "Son, it's time  
To broadcast pleasant dreams."  
(I wish that school hours went so fast—  
Just zippy-zip! it seems.)

At eight o'clock I tune right in,  
And listen all I can;  
When I'm grown up, I mean to be  
A radio station man.

### Prince Pumpkin

BY MARJORIE DILLON

It stands for Jack-o'-lanterns,  
And all the fun they mean;  
Without the jolly pumpkin,  
There'd be no Halloween.

To glad November's bounty  
Its magic it supplies;  
For what's Thanksgiving dinner  
Without its pumpkin pies?

There's grapes and nuts and apples,  
Rich treasures of the fall;  
But seems to me, the pumpkin  
Is favorite of them all!



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enough, or big enough, to go outdoors and play are all right. But half of them are not and, anyhow, there are always rainy days. Think of fifty little tots shut up in a barn with nothing to play with."

"But you have made all these things," cried Heather, pointing to the scrap-books and rag dolls. "Are you going to carry them up there right away?"

"Well, I wanted to, this very morning," sighed Ruby, "but I didn't get them done in time. The scrap-books weren't dry when the *River Rose* started, and I hadn't had time to sew the hair on the last four dolls."

"The *River Rose*? I suppose that's your father's steamer," guessed Heather. "Oh, isn't there some other way to get to Starr Lake? I do so want to see that barn full of children! When does the next boat go?"

"This afternoon, but I can't go then; daddy and I are going to paper my bedroom. He will be home to help, you see."

Ruby stood thinking a moment and then she added: "There's one way we might get the things up there if you could all go with me and help carry them. Daddy's boat has to wait quite a while at Peters' landing this forenoon. That's near the Bend village and there's a short cut across the Peters' pasture. I think we could catch the *River Rose* there at the wharf if we're sry."

"We'll be sry," cried Stacy. "I want to hear what the little chaps say to that red cart. Come on, Heather, we promised mother we wouldn't go far away from the boarding-house without telling Mrs. Elwood where we were going."

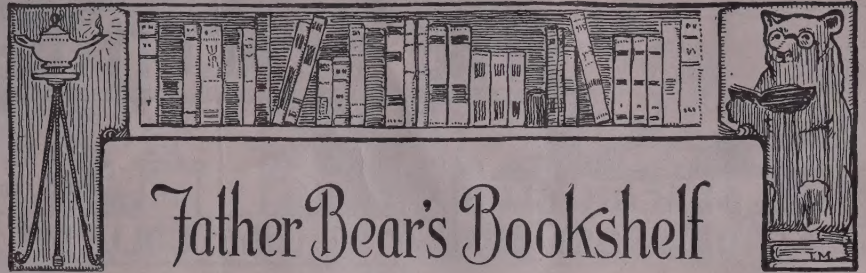
They ran down Tinkle street and in at the back door to find Mrs. Elwood setting a row of pies to cool on the long table in the boarding-house kitchen.

"There," she exclaimed, when they told her about it, "I'm glad you got acquainted with Ruby Ring right away. You couldn't be in better company, and those poor children up there at the Fresh Air barn do need help."

The Peters' pasture was over beyond Tinkle street. They had seen it from their balcony and thought how pleasant it looked with the sheep feeding on the big hill. A path through the old orchard at the back of Ruby Ring's bungalow led them up that hill and they were soon going down into a deep wooded hollow at the other side. The dog was scouting on ahead through the underbrush, stopping now and then to bark at a squirrel up a tree or an old crow flapping lazily overhead.

As they were threading their way through the clumps of scrub pine Whisk suddenly set up such a clamor that they knew he had found something larger than squirrels and crows. Heather was startled to catch sight of a large, dark shape looming among the bushes, but it proved to be only an old donkey, wriggling his long ears and stamping his feet to get rid of

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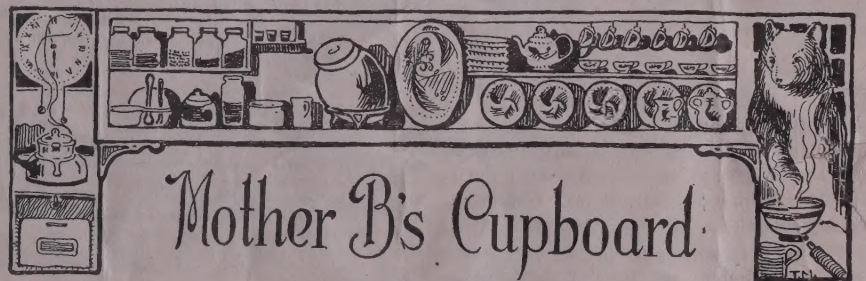
## Father Bear's Bookshelf

Father Bear has stocked his bookshelf with two fine Thanksgiving goodies in the way of "The Kelpies" and "Captain January—Baby Peggy Edition."

First of all I have to offer the Thanksgiving book-worm, The Baby Peggy Edition of "Captain January." I know he will smack his lips when he hears that it is beautifully illustrated with scenes from the photoplay, and is all in all a splendidly made book, with smooth, glossy pages and big print! It is about: Star Bright—a little eastaway of the seas who has found refuge with—Captain January—a bluff, fine-souled old sea-captain who rescued the child from the wreckage of the ship. She is discovered by the sister of her mother, who, struck by the child's startling likeness to the mother of Star Bright who had drowned in the sinking of the ship, traces her life history and proves her to be her little niece. Star Bright, however, will not leave her adopted father, and the last pages of the book close with the old captain making for his last port, happy in the fact that little Star Bright will have a safe haven for life with her own people. CAPTAIN JANUARY. By

Laura E. Richards. Baby Peggy Edition. L. C. Paige & Co. \$2.50 net.

Now, bookshelf readers, let me introduce you to The Kelpie family. They are new-comers to the neighborhood of story book families you have always known, but I know you will soon be fast friends with them. They trace their family name back to the "kelp" and seaweed. Mother and Father Kelpie are very, very old, and they stay home all day and watch the moon and the sun and tell the tide when to come in and go out. You will want to read how Rosie and Posie, the Kelpie twins, lost the littlest baby, when they left him, just as you and I have often left our little brothers and sisters in their perambulators, when we were supposed to take them for the morning airing. And wasn't there a great commotion, and hurrying and scurrying, and searching with fairy lanterns to find the little lost brother! THE KELPIES. By Edna Austin Blaisdell. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00 net.



## Mother B's Cupboard

Um-m-m, yum, just smell the good Thanksgiving smells creeping out of the corners of this column! Father Bear has been busy sharpening his knives, and Bobby—his appetite, and Mother Bear—her wits to serve you something delectable, delicious, and altogether delightful—for your Thanksgiving feast!

### Stuffed Celery

One bunch of celery, 1 package of cream cheese, 1 small bottle stuffed olives, one-half cup chopped walnuts. Wash and clean the celery. Remove the leaves. Mix together the cream cheese, the olives chopped in small pieces, and the walnuts, then fill the celery with the mixture.

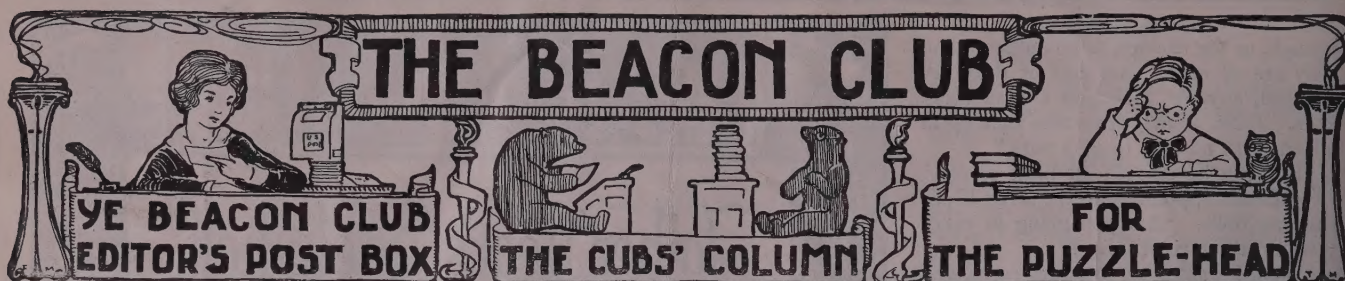
### Cranberry Tartlets

Cream 4 tablespoonfuls shortening with 4 tablespoonfuls sugar, add 3 tablespoon-

fuls ground rice, three-quarters cupful sponge cake crumbs, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied orange peel, one-third cupful cranberries, 1 tablespoonful cream, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful lemon extract, and the whites of 2 eggs well beaten. Roll out paste, cut into rounds, line some well-greased tartlet tins with rounds, put in each a tablespoonful of the mixture. Bake tartlets in moderate oven from 12 to 15 minutes. Or, these tartlets may be covered with frosting, and chopped cocoanut sprinkled over tops.







Such a stuffed, over-flowing letter-box this week! And wasn't Ye Beacon Club Editor glad to hear from all her many correspondents! We are glad to note in Gertrude Harrens' letter that a friend asked her to join The Beacon Club. We hope that many of you who have friends that you know would like to become Club members, will ask them to belong to our large and growing family!

YOUR BEACON CLUB EDITOR

—who—

Not like the Old Woman who lived in a shoe—and Had so many children she didn't know what to do! For Ye Beacon Club Editor always welcomes the "new"!

2306 ROHS ST.,  
CLIFTON HEIGHTS,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am 12 years old and am in the 7th grade of Fairview School. I am a member of St. John's Unitarian Church and have been getting *The Beacon* papers for quite a while, and find them very interesting. My friend has been a member for some time and has asked me to join also. I would be very glad to correspond with girls about my age or over. I will close, hoping I may become a member and also wear the button.

Sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE HARRENS.

9 PORTLAND ST.,  
LYNN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much more this year than I did last as there is more in it. Best of all I like the puzzles, Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner, and Goldilocks' Corner. I have just joined the Girl Scouts of our church, and have learned all the points of the compass. I still have a lot to do before I can be a real Scout. I have lost my Beacon Club button and would very much like to have another one.

Sincerely yours,

JANET INGALLS.

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old grandfather and a dog of his own. Something kept Janice from telling Sandy of the landing place of Jolly Josh until they were alone awhile with only Gramma. Sandy whistled. "Can you beat it? And your Mary Ann passed my top and compass and things on to Jerry through Uncle Doe!"

"I wonder where the baby things went," murmured Janice. Sometime later they heard all about it from another scrub-woman who been among those present at Jenny Bird's successful Thanksgiving party. Daddy, working late at the office, had heard the story in Jenny's absence.

"It seems that after Jenny received our basket, she went out into the highways and byways," daddy soberly told his eager family. "Her neighbors are 'the halt, the lame, the blind,' and the friendless. She was wild to share her good fortune. So about her kitchen table gathered Pierre, a homesick musician from a cold attic, an old man from the Soldiers Home, a poor girl widow with her baby—"

"Goody!" rejoiced Janice irresistibly. "That's where the toys went."

Dear Cubs:—We have awarded The Beacon Club badge to only one of your number for this issue of *The Beacon*: Alan Barnes, for his story, "The Golden Dandelions."

### The Golden Dandelions

BY ALAN BARNES

Once upon a time there ruled a bad king, who would do anything for gold. He loved it better than his wife and children, for he would often beat them, or any of his people if he saw them wearing any ornaments made of gold, and he would put their gold in his treasure chamber.

Day and night his weary people worked for him in gold mines, with no pay and only a few hours sleep.

One day when King Bromdon was feeling rather gloomy, for his people had not brought him as much gold as usual from the mines; he went to a room at the top of the palace, where his pet cignackteco was kept. Now a cignackteco is a large blue bird with a long neck, four long legs, and four wings with red tips.

"Harness my cignackteco," said the king very sternly.

The servant placed a light saddle upon the bird's back. King Bromdon mounted the cignackteco, walked out onto the balcony, and flew off. He flew for some time over the gold mines, watching his poor people laboring below him. Then he thought he would like to go on a long journey; so he flew southward over strange lands, that he had never seen or heard of before. On and on he went, until something way ahead of him caught his eye. It was the sight of gold. Field after field of it. King Bromdon rubbed his hands, and his eyes gleamed. When he was over the center of these great gold fields, he thought he would go down and get at the gold. He pulled the bridle downward, and the cignackteco slowly descended.

When he came down, he was so eager to get at the gold that he let go of the bridle, and jumped from his saddle. But when he landed, he soon found out that he had made a sad mistake, for it was not gold at all, as he had thought it was, but immense fields of dandelions. When King Bromdon turned to go home, the cignackteco was already on his way. He wandered four days among the dandelions, and finally came to green grass. He was so happy to see something else besides the color of gold that he fell upon his knees and thanked God.

When he reached home the first thing he did was to go to his treasure chamber and order all his gold to be given to his people, for he so hated the sight of it. Everybody came out of the gold mines and worked on their farms, and King Bromdon was no longer a miser, but a true and good king, loved by all his people.

"An old lady from the Home for the Blind—" Here Gramma nodded and wiped her spectacles.

"Aren't we thankful we sent the basket?" Mummie's eyes were like dewy violets as she beamed on Janice and Sandy. "Jenny Bird knows the happiest secret of Thanksgiving, and that is—"

"Accent on the second," murmured Gramma, glancing at the children.

(Continued from Page 47)

the flies, as he stood in the shade of a tree. Whisk was circling around him, barking and capering as if he considered a donkey a remarkable find. But the old fellow had turned his back on the dog and seemed to be trying to make believe that there was nobody about but himself.

### More Things to Puzzle You!

#### HIDDEN BIRDS

1. Lawrence is a busy city.
2. Do not crowd each other.
3. How he scowled at us!
4. Then forth rushed the dog.
5. Whatever you do, do well.
6. The pillar keeps the roof upright.
7. Philip, love, run along.
8. She walked over to my house.
9. Cedric ran eighty yards.
10. They catch fish still in nets.
11. Ripe weeds have many seeds.
12. Pigs wallow in the mire.

E. A. CALL.

#### ENIGMA

My 10, 12, 30, 5, 15, 20, is to consider carefully.  
My 4, 39, 6, 1, 42, 12, 1, 19, is absurdity.  
My 41, 36, 5, is a large fish found in northern seas.  
My 31, 7, 3, 38, 14, 42, 26, 18, is a man who takes care of goats.  
My 34, 11, 23, is a child's plaything.  
My 22, 17, 3, 41, 8, 29, 16, 40, is part of a unit.  
My 27, 17, 9, 32, is slang for food.  
My 13, 28, 25, 20, 29, 1, 38, is one who travels for sight seeing.  
My 2, 24, 33, 35, 14, is not easily broken.  
I am a quotation from "Macbeth" composed of 42 letters.

MARGARET CUSHMAN.

#### DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

1. Behead a weapon, get a fruit.  
Behead again, get a part of the head.
2. Behead an adverb of place, get another adverb of place.  
Behead again, get before.
3. Behead to correct, to rectify, get to patch.  
Behead again, get the last, final.
4. Behead a rock, get a sound.  
Behead again, get a unit.
5. Behead quiet, get to this time.  
Behead again, get sick.

E. A. CALL.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7

ENIGMA—A Child's Garden of Verses.

NOVEL ACROSTIC—Romeo and Juliet. Words: Robert, Office, Martha, Eating, O'clock, Author, Nearly, Denver, Jaguar, United, Lagoon, Iloilo, Easter, Tomka.

DIAMOND WORD—  
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"It's Mr. Peters' old Hector," Ruby informed them. "He is too old to be good for much, so he lives in the pasture and does as he pleases."

The old donkey had heard a familiar voice and turned around to look. Then he came ambling over to the group of young people in the hope of getting the lump of sugar Ruby often brought for him. She had forgotten it this time, but Tripp had a sweet apple in the front of his blouse and Hector accepted that.

At the bottom of the great wooded hollow they came upon something that made Ruby Ring rub her eyes in amazement. She knew every foot of this old pasture, but never before had she seen such a sight as this.

(To be continued)